

BEST RESTAURANTS 2012

FEATURING 15 OF OUR FAVORITE PLACES TO EAT IN AZ

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

APRIL 2012



MAYNARD'S

THE BEST CHEFS
SHARE THEIR
**SECRET
RECIPES**



PLUS: DAVE THE EGG MAN • TUBAC • THE KOFA MOUNTAINS • BASS CANYON • FOSSIL CREEK • PETRIFIED FOREST NATIONAL PARK • PYGMY OWLS • QUEEN CREEK OLIVE MILL

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5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including the Duquesne House, one of the most historic B&B's in Arizona; a waitress who's been serving burgers for 45 years; and Tubac, our hometown of the month.

18 BEST RESTAURANTS 2012

There are three main ingredients that go into a great restaurant: food, service and ambience. In our fifth-annual roundup of the state's best eateries, we feature 15 places that can deliver all three. We'll even throw in a few of their signature recipes.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKOW

30 TRIASSIC PARK

Petrified Forest was set aside as a national park in 1962, but its natural wonder dates back to the Late Triassic period. The park is open to the public, but only a few get access to the backcountry. Our photographer was one of the few.

A PORTFOLIO BY ROBERT JASANY

40 RUGGED GOOD LOOKS

They don't get as much attention as the San Francisco Peaks or the red rocks of Sedona, but the Kofa Mountains are spectacular in their own right, and their craggy nature provides excellent habitat for bighorn sheep, landscape photographers and adventurous writers who are looking for love.

BY CRAIG CHILDS

48 HE IS THE EGG MAN

Being compared to The Beatles — or even a line from a Beatles song — is quite a parallel, but Dave Jordan, a.k.a. "Dave the Egg Man," is as big in his world as John, Paul, George and Ringo were in theirs. Among the many artisans in the Buy Local Movement, Dave is a rock star. Just ask the best chefs in Arizona. Goo goo g'joob.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Forest Road 708: Although the views along this rocky road are impressive, the best part is Fossil Creek, one of only two Wild and Scenic Rivers in Arizona.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Bass Canyon-Hot Springs Loop: Arizona has many hidden gems, and this riparian trail, which is home to cottonwoods and coatimundis, is one of the most treasured.




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 Check out our blog for daily posts on just about anything having to do with travel in Arizona, including Q&As with writers and photographers, special events, bonus photos, sneak peeks at upcoming issues and more.

www.facebook.com/azhighways

 Join our Facebook community to share your photographs, chat with other fans, enter trivia contests and receive up-to-the-minute information about what's going on behind the scenes at *Arizona Highways*.

Photographic Prints Available Prints of some photographs in this issue are available for purchase. To view options, visit www.arizonahighwaysprints.com. For more information, call 866-962-1191.

▶ A male pyrrhuloxia, also known as a desert cardinal, is photographed midflight over a field of cactuses. | JOHN CANCALOSI

FRONT COVER Downtown Tucson's historic railway depot breathes new life as Maynards Market & Kitchen. | PAUL MARKOW

BACK COVER Yellow columbines bloom in Marshall Gulch in the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson. | PAUL GILL



A Glimpse of the Blur

That's Keith Whitney on the cover. The blur. The guy in the yellow shirt. When he left the office to art-direct that shot, he said something like: "If they decide to use me in the photo, I hope it's as a blur. I look much better when I'm blurry." Keith has a dry sense of humor, kind of like Bob Newhart, who also would have been blurred. It's not that those guys aren't cover-worthy. They are. We just wanted to focus on Maynards, one of the best restaurants in Tucson, and one of 15 places featured in our fifth-annual *Best Restaurants* issue.

If you're a subscriber in Sydney, Stockholm or Saratoga, with no plans of ever visiting Arizona, we understand your indifference to this subject. Bear with us, though. As a travel magazine, this piece makes sense, especially for those readers who use *Arizona Highways* as a how-to guide for exploring the state. Think about it. When you're at the Grand Canyon, you eat at El Tovar. Everybody knows that. But where do you eat when you're in Tumacacori or Kingman or Yuma? The answer, according to food writer Nikki Buchanan, is Wisdom's Café, Sirens' and Garden Café, the latter of which is home to "Yuma's best tortilla soup."

Food, of course, is the most important factor in determining the list, but service and ambience weigh in, as well. Not every restaurant excels in every category, but most do, including Cibo, which is one of my favorite restaurants in metro Phoenix. The ambience (an old bungalow built in 1913), the service (Sara, Jennifer, et al.) and the food (the Caprese sandwich) are second to none. I haven't tried their Tagliatelle Arancia e Guanciale, but if I ever want to make it at home, I have the recipe. And so do you. It's one of several recipes we're featuring this month courtesy of the talented chefs behind our best restaurants.

I can't remember if any of those recipes feature eggs, but if they do, you'll want to hook up with Dave Jordan.

Better known as "Dave the Egg Man," Jordan is a boutique farmer in New River who supplies eggs and herbs to some of the best restaurants in the state. He's also a regular at farmers' markets, where health-conscious customers happily shell out five bucks for his fresh, hormone- and antibiotic-free eggs.

"Although Jordan readily admits there's nothing romantic about shoveling chicken poop," Nikki writes in *He Is the Egg Man*, "he's also the first guy to cast a rosy glow on this vanishing way of life."

It's idyllic, in many ways, but Jordan barely ekes out a living. Nevertheless, he'd rather be happy than rich. Craig Childs feels the same way. How else do you explain a guy who backpacks in the Kofa Mountains for weeks at a time and lives off the land? Literally.

If you're familiar with this magazine and Craig's writing, it won't surprise you to learn that he's especially adept at finding things to eat in the great outdoors. That said, I think he would have liked a handful of Dave's eggs to go with the jackrabbit he marinated in a sack of its own blood while "romancing" a woman in the Kofas when he was a younger man. Even though the marinade was mixed with salt and wild lavender, "the meat was a little like chewing on rubber bands," Craig says.

You'll have to read *Rugged Good Looks* to find out how the long-eared entrée affected the courtship, and in the



KRISTIN HAYWARD, KEH PHOTOGRAPHY

process, you'll learn about one of the most obscure mountain ranges in the state — one that Craig calls "a dramatic jumble of igneous rock" with "a complex, hidden interior of hoodoo washes and old mine roads." Add it to your bucket list. As a place to explore, not a place to eat. Lavender-marinated jackrabbit might do in a pinch, but for a

really great meal, head to Maynards in Tucson, where you might even catch a glimpse of the blur.



SHOP LOCAL

Like our good friends at Hickman's Eggs, *Arizona Highways* is a proud member of Local First Arizona (LFA), a nonprofit organization that works to strengthen communities and local economies through supporting, maintaining and celebrating locally owned businesses throughout the state. Studies have shown that for every \$100 spent at a locally owned business, approximately \$42 stays in Arizona, compared to only \$13 for every \$100 spent at a chain. Thank you for your support of *Arizona Highways* and other local products. For more information, visit www.localfirstaz.com.

ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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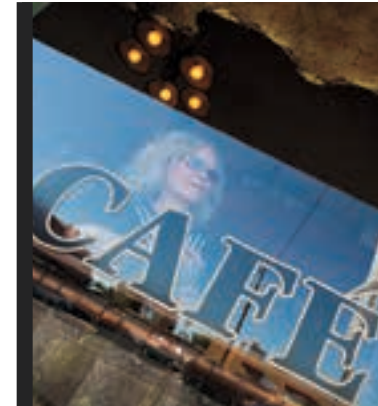


ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. For broadcast times, visit our website, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

ELLEN BARNES



CRAIG CHILDS

Essayist Craig Childs likes to write what he calls travelogues, but this month he wrote a romance (see *Rugged Good Looks*, page 40). "I've been in love with the Kofa Mountains since I was a kid, but the romance part comes in when, in my 20s and 30s, I used to take dates out there," he says. "We'd head off backpacking for long, sometimes quite rugged, miles between dirt roads. So it's a personal view of the Kofas, not just the absorbing beauty of the place, but a series of experiences that has burned this desert mountain range into my heart." Childs is a commentator for National Public Radio's *Morning Edition*, and his work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Men's Journal* and *Outside* magazine. In 2011, he received the Ellen Meloy Desert Writers Award.

COURTESY CRAIG CHILDS



ROBERT JASANY

Landscape photographer — and former accountant and auto mechanic — Robert Jasany recently left the East Coast to live in Colorado, but he's no stranger to the Arizona backcountry. To photograph this month's portfolio, *Triassic Park* (page 30), Jasany obtained special access to Petrified Forest National Park at sunrise and sunset as part of the National Park Service's Artist-In-Residence program. He says the hardest part of the project was waiting for the sun to rise to see what he had to work with. "Mother Nature is very fickle — you can only get what she gives you." Jasany's work has also appeared in *Backpacker* and *Camping Life*.

— MAGGIE PINGOLT & MOLLY J. SMITH



AMY BRADLEY

MEMORIES SERVED

Dear Mr. Stieve, we have just finished our first read through of the February 2012 edition of *Arizona Highways*, and we extend to you our sincere CONGRATULATIONS on an outstanding edition. Your focus on *100 Years in Pictures 1912-2012* allowed us to ruminate about times and happenings long forgotten. You have brought smiles to our faces and the warmth of fond memories to our hearts. Thank you. Applause, applause ... Encore!!!

Evelyn & Frank Cadicamo, Northville, Michigan



February 2012

ISSUE OF THE CENTURY

I read every word [February 2012], but only after looking at every photo — down to the provenance of each photograph — did I get out my magnifying glass to study the map, and THEN read Robert Stieve’s letter, which made me restudy for what else wasn’t there (besides Scottsdale, of course). The essays about the two Arizonans I brag most about knowing, plus an entertaining history lesson by a friend to all of Arizona, Marshall Trimble, made for a reading trifecta. I’m glad you included LaVona [Evans], but hope to see the Harvey Girls (and other near-wins) in another *Arizona Highways* sooner than 2112!

Sam Kathryn Campana, Scottsdale, Arizona

I just scanned through my copy; great edition! I could not understand Robert Stieve’s concern about the difficulty of squeezing in “another pixel.” Surely if you would excise every occurrence of the word “iconic,” there would be pages available.

Ron Lenert, Scottsdale, Arizona

All I can say is “WOW!” I’ve lived here only five years, and like Hugh Downs, I’m glad I wasn’t born here. I just can’t take our beautiful state for granted. You all should take a bow — this issue was spectacular. Thanks for an issue to treasure. I’m off to buy a dozen more copies!

Ralph Esten, Phoenix

CATCHING A KOLB

My wife and I are among the hundreds or

thousands who were treated to a presentation of “The Grand Canyon Film Show” in the Kolb Studio, with Emery as the host. It was about 1970, and amazing to see him, at his age, darting up and down the stairs from the basement theater like a young kid. We were so impressed by him, the film itself and by all that was shown in the film. I recall that one of their boats was on display, pretty unceremoniously, near the front of the studio. Looking at it in person, it was hard to believe they’d survived the trip. After seeing the film and browsing around the studio, we ran into Emery again a short distance away, where he was checking on some kind of problem with the studio’s plumbing. So we were able to talk with him privately a few moments before he sped off again. We still have our photographed copy of his book, and feel so fortunate to have been in his presence.

Stan and Barb Delahoyde, Glendale, Arizona

EDITOR’S NOTE: The photographs featured in our story (*Lights. Camera. Action.*, January 2012) were courtesy of Northern Arizona’s Cline Library.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Thank you for the gift of the “best ever” [December 2011]. I am 92 years old, and I’ve been a subscriber forever. I rejoiced to recall familiar names of the wonderful photographers. I live in a senior residence in California, and every month I share my Arizona with other residents.

Barbara Proper, Citrus Heights, California

Great issue. Would you consider add-

ing the 50 runners-up photos and making a coffee-table book? I would be first in line to purchase it.

John MacKenzie,
Sutton Mills, New Hampshire

EDITOR’S NOTE: Thanks for the interest in seeing more, John. Turns out, you weren’t alone. We heard similar comments from many of our readers. So, we *are* doing a book featuring the “100 Greatest Photographs to Ever Appear in *Arizona Highways*.” Look for it later this year.

WE’VE BEEN FRAMED

Good afternoon (10 past noon here in Scotland). Many, many years ago I received my first introduction to *Arizona Highways* via an uncle of my mother who used to visit regularly from the States, bringing with him magazines such as *National Geographic* and *Arizona Highways*. This was way back in the ’50s, but the images of *Arizona Highways* still remain with me and allow me a window into places on the other side of the world. As a little girl, my memories were of the superb photography and beautiful and fascinating landscapes. To this day, my son has two pictures taken from the magazine framed and now hanging on his living-room wall.

Margaret S. Graham, Glasgow, Scotland [AH](#)

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we’d love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.

THE JOURNAL 04.12

people > local favorites > odd jobs > lodging > photography > history > hometowns > dining > nature > things to do



Branching Out

Formed nearly 1,000 years ago following a series of volcanic eruptions, Sunset Crater and its surrounding slopes look to be inhospitable — as though the volcano just blew its top. But time does heal all wounds, as evidenced by this smattering of bright-green ponderosa pines emerging from the rugged, volcanic soil. Information: 928-526-0502 or www.nps.gov/sucr

~ people ~

FREDDIE BITSOIE IS COOKING

Although he's gaining acclaim for his work in the kitchen, Freddie Bitsoie isn't a celebrity chef per se, and he likes it that way. He has more important work to do, such as changing perceptions about Native American cuisine.

Culinary trends come and go almost as quickly as new cell phones become obsolete. Yesterday's fondué is today's tapas.

Navajo chef Freddie Bitsoie is happy to let those trends pass him by. He'll let the celebrity chefs cater to the hungry masses who clamor for the next big thing. Bitsoie prefers to keep his mission simple: He's out to change perceptions about Native American food, both with indigenous cultures and the non-Native population.

It's not that Native American cuisine isn't trendy. People are eager to connect with Native American culture, and food is the easiest gateway to make that connection. But Bitsoie thinks that many restaurants and chefs are missing the mark, watering down the traditional food to be nothing more than Native-inspired.

"Using blue cornmeal to make polenta doesn't make it Native," he contends.

Bitsoie saw food billed as "Native" when it really was just a Native ingredient dressed up in French clothes. Sure, bison tenderloin is a traditional Native American food. But Bitsoie doesn't remember it being drenched in hollandaise sauce when he was growing up.

He knows he has a tough road ahead of him. Bitsoie likens it to the battle that Native American artists fight with people who mass produce traditional Native goods and bill them as authentic. He sees this same disenfranchisement with food,

and as the trend threatens to boil over, he's stepping up to try to contain it.

Growing up in the Four Corners area, both on and off the Navajo Reservation, Bitsoie unknowingly started developing his own definition of Native American food at a young age.

He turned his nomadic childhood, spent moving around every three years for his father's job, into his own personal study in cultural differences.

Bitsoie's parents balanced the instability created by constant relocation with maintaining a deep connection to their Navajo heritage. No matter where they called home, his family always had food to tie them to the reservation.

Refusing to succumb to the modern convenience of frozen meals, Bitsoie's mother was the first person to introduce him to the Navajo food culture. But it wasn't until he studied anthropology at the University of New Mexico that Bitsoie began making the undeniable connection between food and culture.

With one semester left, Bitsoie rerouted his journey and enrolled in a Phoenix-area cooking school. He thought this would help him put together the pieces floating around in his head about the intersection of food and culture.

Like most pioneers, Bitsoie didn't have his "aha" moment in the classroom. It took a brief stint serving as the director of the school's new Native food program for Bitsoie to have a breakthrough. He



“Using blue cornmeal to make polenta doesn't make it Native.”

was baffled as to why they wouldn't bat an eyelash at spending \$2,000 on truffles from France, but questioned \$20 for cholla cactus buds.

He thought they were trying to ride the coattails of the Native American food trend without investing the time and resources into fully understanding the meaning behind the concept. Bitsoie knew it was time to strike out on his

own, finally having the clarity he'd sought for so long.

FJ Bits Concepts and Consultant allowed Bitsoie to combine his passion for empowering tribal members to embrace their food traditions with his desire to educate the non-Native population about Native American cuisine.

Armed with the belief that "Native food is the product of each individual

Native culture within this country," Bitsoie preached that food is not culture. In redefining the trendy concept of Native cuisine, Bitsoie realized that culture is always evolving, and yielding products, such as food.

"Native American food" can't be one generic, homogenous category. Just as tribes across the nation have different ceremonies, they each have culturally specific dishes and food.

Instead of lumping them all together, Bitsoie celebrates their differences. By inspiring tribes to return to their culinary roots, he plays a role in tackling the health issues that have plagued Native American nations since the introduction of Western foods.

"Anytime you change the diet of an entire people, there will be effects," says Shane Plumer, a wellness consultant for the White Earth Nation in Minnesota. Plumer brought Bitsoie on board to mitigate those effects. But Bitsoie didn't go in and tell them all the things they can't have. He gave them the tools to make smart decisions when they're in the grocery store. He even gave them a salad bar in their government center. To Plumer's delight, it's working, and he gives Bitsoie the credit for empowering them to take control of their own health.

Bitsoie is a bit of a celebrity on the White Earth Nation, and his unofficial role as the spokesperson for Native American food has done little to quash that celebrity status.

He sells out lectures at Phoenix's Heard Museum and Desert Botanical Garden. He's a regular in television station kitchens. He's even created a demand for a different type of Native artist to "perform" at conferences and events.

"They used to hire the flute player or the hoop dancer. Now they're hiring the Native chef," Bitsoie says.

Bitsoie won't rule out owning a restaurant someday, but as with everything in his career, it'll take research to get it right. In the meantime, this academic at heart will leave the latest trends to other chefs. He'll be focusing on the traditions.

— JACKI MIELER

For more information about FJ Bits Concepts and Consultant, visit www.fjbits.com.

local favorites



MOLLY J. SMITH

QUEEN CREEK OLIVE MILL

Queen Creek

Perry Rhea retired from the automotive industry 15 years ago, and when he and his wife, Brenda, visited Arizona, she had a bright idea. "Over dinner one night — after a little too much wine — my wife asked, 'What if we made olive oil in Arizona?'" Perry says. The rest is history.

What were the challenges of opening an olive mill in Arizona?

The original challenge was whether or not the olive trees would grow here. Then, it was learning how to press the olives. A lot of farmers can grow a lot of things, but the marketing of the oil and size of the farm — 100 acres — and making it a destination were challenging.

How well do olives do in a place known more for citrus and cotton?

Olives are desert plants, and they don't use a lot of water. They use a third of the water that an annual cotton plant would. And we don't have a lot of the Mediterranean issues, like olive flies. As long as we can water the olives, we're good.

The Mill offers tours of the groves, and you run a restaurant and a marketplace, too. Describe an average day.

We're a bit seasonal — a little slow in the summer. When we're harvesting in mid-October to mid-December, we're a bit hectic. We harvest for about two and a half months, and people can come in and actually see us make the oil and taste the oil. During the rest of the year, we just have a lot of visitors.

— MAGGIE PINGOLT

Queen Creek Olive Mill is located at 25062 S. Meridian Road in Queen Creek. For more information, call 480-888-9290 or visit www.queencreekolivemill.com.

WAITRESS extraordinaire

Joyce Johnson,
Taylor Freeze, Pima

Lyndon B. Johnson was president when Joyce Johnson walked into the Taylor Freeze to apply for a job. Forty-five years and eight U.S. presidents later, "I'm still here," she says with a laugh. Although she's cut back on her hours considerably — this hardworking waitress puts in around nine hours a week — she has no plans to retire anytime soon. Being a waitress isn't an "odd job," but waitressing in the same place for almost five decades is rare. "I like working here," she says matter-of-factly. "I like getting out of the house for a few hours." Times have certainly changed since Johnson started working at the Taylor Freeze, but she's OK with that, and continues to come in at 7 a.m. to man the restaurant's grill and meet and greet customers. "I like meeting people," she says. "You meet people from all over the United States."

— KATHY RITCHIE

Taylor Freeze is located at 225 W. Center Street in Pima. For more information, call 928-485-2661.



DAWN KISH

The Suite Life

Art galleries, bird-watching, wine-tasting ... there are many reasons to visit Patagonia, including the Duquesne House, where three of the four guestrooms are spacious suites that just might keep you from leaving the property.

Strictly speaking, the Duquesne House is a B&B, offering comfy beds and scrumptious breakfasts for a fee. But poke around a bit, and you'll correctly deduce that every inch of this wildly eclectic place, filled with family heirlooms, rustic Mexican furniture and fanciful

Norwegian-inspired folk art, is as much home as it is business to owners Nancy McCoy and Ralph Schmitt.

When the formerly Midwestern couple bought the historic property in 2003, situated on what was once Patagonia's main street, the original structure — a tin-roofed adobe house for the area's lead and silver miners — had already been converted into a B&B. The previous owner (local artist and gallery owner Regina Medley) had stuccoed the exterior, creating porches for each private entry.

Three of the four guestrooms are actu-

ally suites, each comprising a spacious bedroom, private bath and sitting room with two daybeds. One sports an ancient (but still operable) wood-burning stove and a claw-foot tub; another features hand-carved wooden chairs and a delicate wrought-iron bed; and a third displays antique needlepoint chairs (Nancy's grandmother's) and a distinctly feminine canopy bed. Separated from the other suites, the sunny, ultraprivate fourth room — originally designed as a mother-in-law apartment — contains a small TV, fridge and microwave, as well as a walk-in shower roomy enough for three or four close friends.

Two suites boast back doors leading directly to a private, terraced garden that overlooks the Patagonia Mountains. Lush with shade trees, cactuses and flowering plants, it attracts butterflies, hummingbirds and lazy humans.

The other two guestrooms open onto a screened-in Arizona Room, comfortably

furnished with Mexican equipale, a wood-burning stove, houseplants and reading material. Indoors and out, the message is the same: "Take a chill pill; you're in beautiful, laid-back Patagonia."

Cozy bedrooms notwithstanding, the most memorable thing about the Duquesne House may be Nancy's fantastically good breakfasts, eaten communally at her long dining-room table. Expect inspired recipes, beautiful composition, edible flower garnishes and an overwhelming urge to lick your generously portioned plate.

Most visitors go to Patagonia — a funky artists' colony — for its galleries and shops, excellent birding and proximity to wine country. But for some, the Duquesne House is reason enough. — NIKKI BUCHANAN

The Duquesne House is located at 367 Duquesne Avenue in Patagonia. For more information, call 520-394-2732 or visit www.theduquesnehouse.com.



TIM FULLER

photo tip

Geometry 101

At a basic level, photography is about the arrangement of shapes within a frame. A photographer who keeps an eye out for geometric shapes can create interesting images by learning to think more abstractly. Look for silhouettes and shadows that create a graphic composition — whether you find the outline of tall plants against a sunlit canyon wall or the shadows cast by the spines of a cactus. Remember to pay attention to the edges of the frame and reduce distractions before you release the shutter.



Enter our monthly caption contest by scanning this QR code or visiting <http://bit.ly/ahmcaptioncontest>.



DEREK VON BRIESEN

You Don't Have to See It to Believe It

Infrared (IR) light can't be seen with the naked eye, but it can be photographed using one of three methods. The first is to invest in an IR filter. You'll need a tripod to position your shot, then lock the position down and attach your filter. The second way to capture an infrared photograph is to do what Derek von Briesen did when he made this image of West Clear Creek: Convert a camera to capture only IR. He removed the camera's original internal filter, then replaced it with one that blocks visible light and allows only infrared to be read by the sensor. The last option is to create faux IR images using software. The most popular programs are Adobe Photoshop and Nik, which offers photographers two options: Silver Efex Pro and Color Efex Pro 2.0. By taking advantage of a digital sensor that sees only red, green and blue (RGB), and using a combination of different tools in various layers, you can produce an image that's strikingly believable. — JEFF KIDA, PHOTO EDITOR



ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com/books.

A Dose of Vitamin C

Grapefruits, oranges, lemons ... there was a time in the late 1930s when Arizona was one of the nation's leading producers of citrus. Although the numbers have dwindled, the state still ranks third in tangerine production.

It's something we take for granted every time we go to a food shop — piles of citrus fruit waiting to be plucked from produce departments. But there was a time when citrus was more than just supermarket flotsam. Citrus was king. It was the driving force behind the state's economy, and one of Arizona's Five C's, ranking right up there with cotton, copper, cattle and climate.

Citrus arrived in Arizona in the 18th century, courtesy of Spanish settlers, but it wasn't until the 1920s and 1930s that it became a leading cash crop. In 1935, more than 1.2 million boxes of grapefruits were produced in the state, and according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, grapefruits reigned supreme until about 1942.

Citrus crops were initially limited to Maricopa and Yuma counties because of good climate (Arizona's fifth C), and by 1939, grapefruits occupied some 13,800 acres of land. Oranges came in second, with 7,300 acres. Lemons and tanger-

ines have since trumped grapefruits and oranges as the state's leading citrus products. However, tangerines still rank third in the United States. Grapefruits and oranges rank fourth behind Florida, California and Texas, but the production output is so low, the USDA no longer accounts for the number of grapefruits and oranges produced in Arizona.

Today, the industry is more chal-

lenging for growers, largely because of urban encroachment, cost, pests and competition. To put that in perspective, in 1985 there were about 12 packing facilities in the Phoenix area; today, there are none. The last packing facility was located in Mesa, but it closed in 2010. Now, most Arizona-grown citrus is hauled to Yuma and packed there.

— KATHY RITCHIE



COLLECTION OF JEREMY ROWE VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY, VINTAGEPHOTO.COM

this month in history

KEITH WHITNEY

■ Miner Edward Schieffelin, who would later discover the Tombstone Lode, begins prospecting in the San Pedro Valley on April 1, 1877.

■ Architect Frank Lloyd Wright dies in



Phoenix on April 9, 1959. He first moved to Arizona in 1933 and built Taliesin West in Scottsdale in 1937.

■ Army Ranger Pat Tillman, the pro footballer who played

for Arizona State University and the Arizona Cardinals, is killed in Afghanistan on April 22, 2004.

■ Burton Mossman, who eventually becomes the first captain of the Arizona Rangers, is born in Illinois on April 30, 1867.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The April 1962 issue of *Arizona Highways* was heavy on history, with a group of architects discussing the influence of Frank Lloyd Wright. We also featured 50 years' worth of newspaper headlines and summer wildflowers.



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

TUBAC

THE FIRST SPANISH COLONIAL GARRISON IN ARIZONA, Tubac was founded in 1752 and was a major stopping point along the Camino Real (Royal Road) that ran from Mexico to Spanish settlements in Southern California. Although Spanish soldiers, missionaries and explorers once roamed the small Southern Arizona town, it's better known today for its resident artists.

Ann Empie Grove's father, the late artist and illustrator Hal Empie, was one of them. "After 50 years, my parents decided to leave Duncan. The Gila River had raged through Main Street and their art gallery and drugstore one too many times," Grove says. "Dad remembered an art student of his that owned a gallery in Tubac. It took one visit for Mom and Dad to decide they wanted to move here. They thought the Santa Cruz Valley was as beautiful as the Gila Valley. Dad kept saying, 'The light here is every artist's dream.'"

— KELLY KRAMER

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1752	8.2 square miles	3,200 feet	Santa Cruz

INFORMATION: Tubac Chamber of Commerce, 520-398-2704 or www.tubacaz.com; Hal Empie Studio and Gallery, 520-398-2811 or www.halempiestudio-gallery.com

~ dining ~

Hot Stuff

Firefighters are known for their cooking skills, as well as their ability to sniff out some of the best cuisine in town. In Yuma, the same is true of agricultural workers, who spend a lot of time at La Fonda Restaurant and Tortilla Factory.



PAUL MARKOW

RUMOR HAS IT THAT FIREFIGHTERS know where to eat. See a firetruck parked outside a restaurant, and — absent an emergency inside — you can bet the restaurant is dishing up something delicious.

In Yuma, the adage is a little different. It's agricultural workers who are the arbiters of excellent grub. And on most days, you'll find them lunching at La Fonda Restaurant and Tortilla Factory.

Severo Hurtado knew a thing or two about the Mexican-food industry. Having worked in his parents' tamale factory, he learned the ins and outs of preparing an authentic Mexican meal from a young age. So, it was only natural that he and his wife, Gloria, would open a place of their own when they moved to Yuma.

In 1940, they established La Fonda as a tortilla and tamale factory, designing its logo in Gloria's image. Later, it evolved into a deli. Now, it's a full-fledged restaurant, and current owners Frank and Connie Ramos have worked hard to maintain the restaurant's originality and history.



PAUL MARKOW

Gloria ran the restaurant for several years after Severo's passing and sold the business to the Ramoses in 1982, who keep the restaurant open for breakfast, lunch and dinner, seven days a week.

In addition to typical Mexican fare — fiery carne asada burritos, chicken enchiladas, chiles rellenos — La Fonda

also continues its tortilla tradition. Each day, the kitchen crew arrives before dawn to churn out thousands of the flat flour and corn discs.

— KELLY KRAMER

La Fonda is located at 1095 S. Third Avenue in Yuma. For more information, call 928-783-6902 or visit www.lafondarestaurantandtortillafactory.com.

~ nature ~

A Little Bird ...

When it comes to cute, cactus pygmy owls just might rule the roost. Sadly, the tiny birds were once on the brink of extinction, due in large part to invasive plant species like buffelgrass and urban sprawl. Areas once rife with families of cactus pygmy owls are now completely devoid.

Although the miniature owls are difficult to find (only 28 were spotted in Arizona in 2006), their home range includes areas in and around Central and Southern Arizona. The owls tend to hide in the hollowed-out cavities of trees or saguaros — hence their name. When they're not tucked away for the day, the primarily nocturnal birds feed on insects, lizards, frogs and other small birds.

Despite their dwindling numbers, the cactus pygmy owl was removed from the Endangered Species List in 1997. According to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the delisting stemmed from a data error. Last October, following another petition to list the bird and its habitat as threatened or endangered, the agency ruled that the protective designation wasn't warranted.

— MAGGIE PINGOLT

nature factoid



RANDY BABB

GIANT SPOTTED WHIPTAIL

Don't be thinking you'll be able to sneak up on a giant spotted whiptail. These diurnal lizards — known for their lightly colored spots — are wary of predators. You'll find them primarily in South-eastern Arizona, in the Santa Catalina, Santa Rita, Baboquivari and Pajarito mountains.

GEORGE ANDREIKO/AZGFD



On average, male cactus pygmy owls weigh in at around 2.2 ounces, while their female counterparts weigh about 2.6 ounces.

Cactus pygmy owls have wingspans of about 15 inches.

These stocky birds have disproportionately large talons.

~ things to do ~

april



Taco Festival

April 14, Yuma

Test your taco-making (and eating) skills at this event, and if you're feeling brave, start your own taco team to go after the title of "Yuma Taco King." Just be sure to show up early — last year more than 6,000 people attended this culinary festival. *Information:* 928-373-5040 or www.visityuma.com



SUZANNE MATHIA

Grand Canyon Photo Workshop

May 27-June 7, Grand Canyon

A rafting excursion through the Grand Canyon is a trip of a lifetime, and this photo workshop will take you to some of the Canyon's premier vantage points, ranging from constricted gorges and hidden waterfalls to refreshing pools and delicate seeps. *Information:* 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofazhighways.com

Phoenix Film Festival

March 29-April 5, Phoenix

Named one of the "25 Coolest Film Festivals" in the nation, this year's event promises to pull out all the stops. With more than 150 films to be screened, plus several parties, film-making seminars and more, visitors can expect a cinematic tour de force. In addition to premieres and screenings from major studios and film-makers, there will be a foreign-film showcase of feature and short-length films. *Information:* 602-955-6444 or www.phoenixfilmfestival.com

Mariachi Conference

April 24-28, Tucson

The largest cultural event in Tucson is back for another year of wonderful mariachi performances and workshops. The award-winning festival is a must-attend event that attracts the best and brightest performers. *Information:* www.visittucson.org

Festival of the Arts

March 30-April 1, Tempe

Hobnob with top artists from across the country at this juried competition, ranked as one of the top 20 art festivals in the nation. Visitors can peruse more than 400 booths lined up along Mill Avenue and the surrounding streets. After shopping, don't forget to check out the Arizona Wine Festival Gardens and The Art of Beer Fest. *Information:* www.tempefestivalofthearts.com

Rose Festival

April 13-14, Tombstone

Celebrating the 127th blooming of the "World's Largest Rose Tree," this event includes the Rose Tree Parade, the Rose Queen Coronation, the Vigilante Variety Show, folklorico dancers and the Nogales, Arizona, Mariachi Apache Band. *Information:* 520-457-3326 or www.tombstoneweb.com

Country Thunder

April 12-15, Florence

Listen to your favorite country artists, including Dierks Bentley, Big & Rich, Blake Shelton and Alan Jackson, as they perform for more than 40,000 fans. *Information:* 866-802-6418 or www.arizona.countrythunder.com

AH

GO FISH!

And take our comprehensive guide along with you.

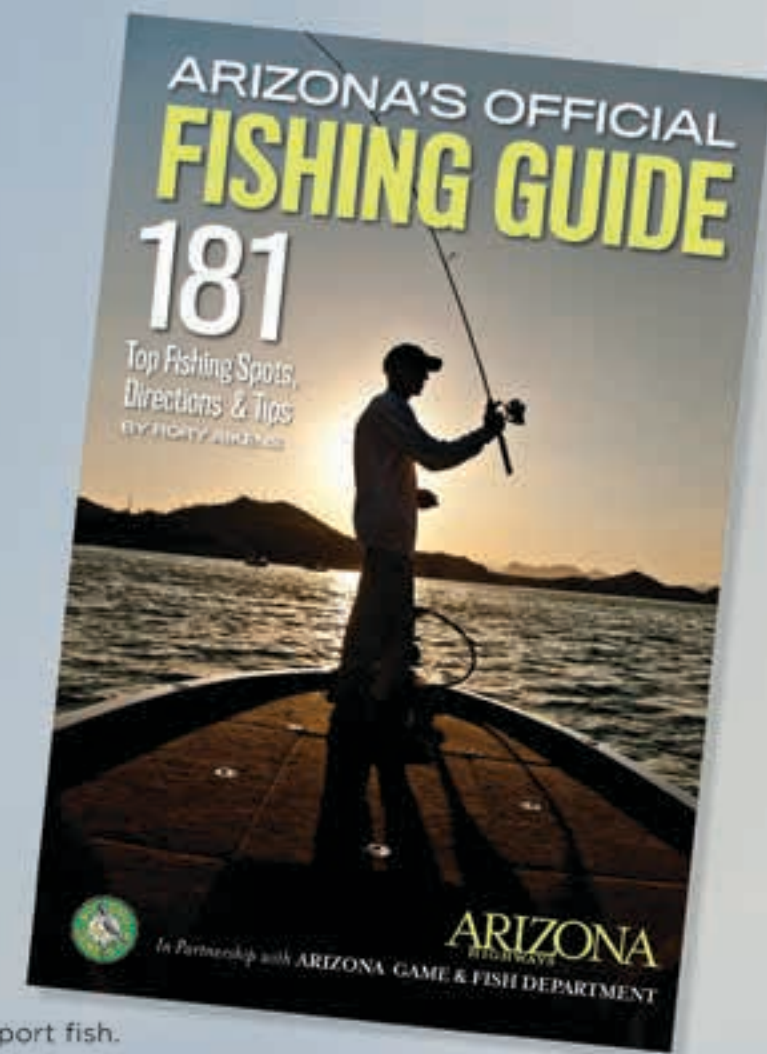
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B RESTAURANTS S T

2012

Tucson's James Beard
Award-winning chef, Janos
Wilder, expresses his
latest culinary creations
at Downtown Kitchen.

There are three main ingredients that go into a great restaurant: food, service and ambience. In our fifth-annual roundup of the state's best eateries, we feature 15 places that can deliver all three. Places like Cibo in Phoenix, Downtown Kitchen in Tucson and Garland's in Sedona. Among others. We'll tell you about all of them, and we'll even throw in a few of their signature recipes. Eat Here!

By **Nikki Buchanan**

Photographs by
Paul Markow

15. quince

JEROME

Raised in Taos, New Mexico, chef-owner Vladimir Costa grew up on red and green chile, which he generously ladles over the New Mexico specialties he serves at his colorful, art-filled cantina named for the mystical number 15 (pronounced *keen-say*) in Spanish. Because he lives in a mining town famous for being haunted, Costa also adds scorching ghost chiles to an appealing menu mix that includes three excellent house-made salsas, half-pound sirloin burgers, local beer-battered fish tacos and guacamole studded with pomegranate seeds. Margaritas may not actually put the fire out, but Quince-lovers quaff with abandon just the same. 363 Main Street, 928-634-7087, www.visitjeromeaz.com

Bill's Pizza on the Square

PRESCOTT

Before opening his small, cash-only pizza shop, Bill Tracy traipsed across America and Italy learning pizza-making styles and techniques from the masters, including Chris Bianco of the legendary Pizzeria Bianco in Phoenix. Customers may order specialty pies or create their own coal-fired, brick-oven masterpieces, choosing among premium toppings such as caramelized onion, fresh basil and imported sheep's milk feta cheese. Either way, each lightly charred, chewy pie will be made with premium ingredients. No wonder *Road Food's* Jane and Michael Stern named Bill's one of the top 100 pizzerias in the U.S. 107 Cortez Street, 928-443-0800, www.billspizzaprescott.com

Cibo

PHOENIX

Ensnconced in a wood-floored bungalow built once upon a time — in 1913, to be exact — this cozy pizzeria has a fairytale setting, but don't let the gabled roof, twinkling lights and



ABOVE: Cibo's tagliere appetizer features speck, mortadella, salami, pickled baby carrots, three types of cheese and arugula, all topped with honey and almonds.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Cibo's chef Guido Saccone serves up one of his popular Margherita pizzas.

flowers fool you. Cibo is more than an idyllic urban haven, and it's just right for chilling over Prosecco on the leafy patio. Italian-born chef and pizzaiolo Guido Saccone is ardent about sourcing top-notch ingredients, which he uses to excellent effect on wood-charred Neapolitan pies, antipasti, Italian-style sandwiches and handmade pasta — the latter being offered on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Luscious dessert crêpes and house-made limoncello provide the happily-ever-after ending to a perfect meal. 603 N. Fifth Avenue, 602-441-2697, www.cibophoenix.com

Cornish Pasty Co.

TEMPE/MESA

Pasties are savory turnovers traditionally filled with meat and vegetables, the standard hand-held lunch of Cornwall's tin miners back in the day. Figuring these modestly priced belly-fillers washed down with good UK beer would appeal to American college students, Cornwall-born-and-bred Dean

Thomas opened his first pub-like operation in Tempe in 2005, expanding to Mesa four years later. His perfect pastry comes stuffed with everything from carne adovada and lamb vindaloo to roasted turkey with sweet potatoes and stuffing. Spectacularly good Banoffee pie should forever dispel the myth that Brits can't cook. 961 W. University Drive, 480-894-6261; 1941 W. Guadalupe Road, 480-838-4586, www.cornishpastyco.com

Cibo

Tagliatelle Arancia e Guanciale

- 24 oz. egg tagliatelle, preferably fresh
- 4 oz. thinly sliced guanciale (prosciutto may be substituted)
- A sliver of European butter
- 2 oz. chopped red onions
- Zest from two oranges
- Juice from two oranges
- Grated Pecorino-Romano cheese
- Grated aged ricotta salata
- Ground black pepper
- A touch of parsley
- Salt to taste

Fill a large pot with water and add salt to taste. Bring water to a boil, then add pasta and cook for approximately three minutes fewer than the cooking directions if using bagged pasta. In a large nonstick skillet, sauté the onions with butter and add chopped guanciale (or prosciutto). Let cook until slightly toasted and set aside. Using tongs, transfer the tagliatelle from the pot to the skillet. Toss, over medium heat, with grated Pecorino-Romano, the orange juice and half of the orange zest. Add pasta water and allow the mixture to cook for two minutes until it becomes creamy. Add chopped parsley. Garnish with aged ricotta salata, black pepper and the remaining orange zest.





LEFT: Janos Wilder's Downtown Kitchen offers Southwest Cuisine with a twist of "Latin Fusion."

RIGHT: Chef Wilder takes a break from the kitchen.



Cornish Pasty Co. Banoffee Pie

- ½ lb. graham cracker crumbs
- 4 oz. butter
- 1 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 bananas
- 10 oz. container of whipping cream
- Chocolate shavings or toasted almonds (optional)

Melt butter over low heat in a medium saucepan. Add graham cracker crumbs and stir. Place the crumb mixture in an 8-inch pie pan. Press the mixture with the back of a spoon until it's firmly compressed. Place in freezer. To make caramel, place the unopened can of sweetened condensed milk in a pan of boiling water. Keep at a steady boil for three hours. Make sure that the can is completely submerged. (Note: If you allow the can to boil dry, it may explode.) After three hours, remove the can from the water and allow it to cool. Remove the graham cracker base from the freezer. Spread the caramel over the graham cracker base as liberally as you'd like, then place in the refrigerator to chill. Whip the cream until it forms peaks, then pipe or smooth the cream over the caramel. Slice the bananas and layer to the edges of the pie. Sprinkle with chocolate shavings or almonds as desired.

Diablo Burger

FLAGSTAFF

"All about local" is the motto at this cash-only gourmet burger joint, where juicy 6-ounce patties come from grass-fed, antibiotic- and growth hormone-free beef, raised on two historic Diablo Trust ranches near Flagstaff. Topped with Black Mesa goat cheese, chimichurri, house-made sauerkraut or beets from Phoenix-based McClendon's Select, each build-your-own or specialty burger is a delicious lesson in the joys of eating local. Fans rave about crispy, herb-dusted Belgian frites and the cool "db" branded English muffins that sub for burger buns. Meanwhile, regional wine and Arizona-brewed craft beer, enjoyed on the patio, make the locavore thing mighty easy to swallow. 120 N. Leroux Street, No. 112, 928-774-3274, www.diabloburger.com

Downtown Kitchen

TUCSON

Food-fanatical Arizonans associate Janos Wilder with Southwest Cuisine and Latin Fusion as it's deliciously expressed at Janos and JBar respectively. When this James Beard Award-winning chef decided he needed a new playground, he opened DK — an airy, art-filled and distinctly urban space to celebrate America's culinary melting pot. His exotic but approachable menu — which features griddled gnocchi with grilled vegetables and burrata, Hawaiian ahi poke and Ras al Hanout marinated chicken — is literally all over the map, and that's the fun of it. Craft cocktails and mixology classes prove Wilder's got his finger on Arizona's culinary pulse. This is

who we are and what we want now. 135 S. Sixth Avenue, 520-623-7700, www.downtownkitchen.com

Garden Café

YUMA

When the weather's nice, there's no more blissful place to be than this lovely, family run café. Open October through May, the café was built around a terraced garden lush with trees, vines and flowers. Chirping free-roaming birds, as well as those from the café's aviary, become the seductive soundtrack for charming breakfasts, lunches and Sunday brunch, featuring signature dishes such as Southwest quiche, strawberry-turkey salad, house-made muffins, the city's best tortilla soup and Yuma Spice iced tea, a specialty blend customers may buy to brew at home. White layer cake with coconut-cream filling and whipped cream is named Torture Cake for good reason: It's torture to leave it alone. 250 S. Madison Avenue, 928-783-1491, www.gardencafeyuma.com

RIGHT: Maynards Market & Kitchen brings back the elegant charm of an old-time railway dining car.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Garland's Oak Creek Lodge chef-author Amanda Stine harvests fresh vegetables from the onsite garden.

Downtown Kitchen Pot au Feu

- 1 lb. beef brisket
- 1 lb. boneless short ribs
- 2 lbs. carrots
- 2 lbs. turnips
- 2 lbs. potatoes
- 2 onions, roughly chopped
- 4 celery stalks, roughly chopped
- 4 additional carrots, peeled and roughly chopped
- 2 c. red wine
- 1 gal. beef stock
- 6 sprigs fresh thyme
- Salt and pepper
- Gherkins, horseradish cream, whole-grain mustard

Preheat the oven to 250 degrees. Season the short ribs with salt and pepper and sear well on all sides. Remove the short ribs from the pan and add half of the roughly cut vegetables and red wine. Reduce the wine and add 3 quarts of the beef stock, thyme and short ribs. Cover and roast six to eight hours until very tender. In another roasting pan, season the brisket (with the fat cap on) with salt and pepper. Sear the brisket and add the remaining beef stock. Cover and roast six to eight hours until very tender. When the brisket is done, remove it from the oven and remove the fat cap, as well. Combine the red wine and beef stock, and degrease, strain and reserve. Cut both the brisket and the short ribs into 2-ounce pieces. Blanch the remaining vegetables separately in heavily salted water. Heat the meat and vegetables in the reserved beef stock. Garnish with gherkins, horseradish cream and whole-grain mustard.



Garland's Oak Creek Lodge

SEDONA

Overnight guests of this lovely, historic lodge are treated to hearty breakfasts, afternoon tea, predinner cocktails and elegant evening meals, all wrapped into one set price. With a little luck, however, it's possible for outsiders to snag seats (by reservation) at a shared table for a fabulous prix fixe dinner prepared by longtime Garland's chef and cookbook author Amanda Stine, who puts out a completely different menu of homemade bread, soup, salad, entrée, dessert and coffee six nights a week. Stine gathers fruit, vegetables, herbs and fresh eggs from the trees, gardens and chickens on the property to make food that's simple, sophisticated and well worth planning a weekend around. 8067 N. State Route 89A, 928-282-3343, www.garlandslodge.com

Java Blues

SPRINGVILLE

The blues are the very last thing you're likely to get at this cute coffeehouse, which has slowly morphed into a full-blown restaurant and bar with free Wi-Fi and occasional live music. In the beginning, locals came for great coffee drinks, smoothies and plain or

fancy breakfasts. Now this beloved Springerville fixture is equally famous for its burgers, sandwiches, salads, pastas, steaks, catfish platters and house-baked pies, which sell out every day. As for the wildly original blueberry-sausage cake (pecan-crust and drizzled with blueberry syrup), let's just call it a coffeehouse perk.

341 E. Main, 928-333-5282

Maynards Market & Kitchen

TUCSON

Housed in Tucson's historic railway depot, this charming upscale market and dark, romantic restaurant — designed to replicate the plush dining cars of another era — have become both East End hub and food-geek destination, wrapped in one delicious package. Locals laud the excellent wine shop, weekly farmers' market on the plaza, pristine locally sourced products in the market and, of course, Chef Addam Buzzalini's seasonal, French-inspired menu, which often features classics such as poutine, raclette, steak tartare, bouillabaisse and choucroute. Insiders make early reservations for the five-course Farmer's Supper held on Sundays. 400 N. Toole Avenue, 520-545-0577, www.maynardsmarket.com





RIGHT AND OPPOSITE PAGE: At Santiago's in Bisbee, chef Karina Franco-Batty is likely to surprise diners with Mexican flavors they weren't expecting — like this plate of Holy Molé, Santiago's popular chicken enchilada dish.

Moose Henri's

LAKESIDE

You don't have to be the outdoorsy type to appreciate Doug Wetmore's laidback bar and grill, adorned with snow skis, snowshoes, water skis and moose in every conceivable representation. But it helps if you love life's simple pleasures — say, an 8-ounce, spice-rubbed and charbroiled Moose Burger served with jalapeño coleslaw and a cold beer. The menu is limited to all-day burgers and sandwiches, a handful of dinner entrees, 20-plus wines by the glass and 24 beers on tap, half of them Arizona microbrews. Lots of bang for the buck here, including a monthly pig roast so popular customers start lining up before the doors open. 4207 White Mountain Boulevard, 928-368-5127, www.moosehenris.com

Santiago's

BISBEE

Holy Molé! That's not only the name of chef Karina Franco-Batty's popular chicken enchilada dish, but also the exclamation customers are inclined to make when they taste the complexly seasoned, not-too-chocolatey molé sauce that smothers it. But utterances of surprise and delight are commonplace at this cute, colorful Mexican-food favorite, particularly for the tableside guacamole, Rocky Point tacos, diablo shrimp and sopaipillas. Seasonal fruit margaritas, tequila flights and a 55-bottle tequila selection make downtown people-watching all the more fun. 1 Howell Avenue, 520-432-1910, www.santigosbisbee.com



Satchmo's

FLAGSTAFF

Jamie Thousand, who named his down-home, New Orleans-themed barbecue joint for jazz great Louis Armstrong, modestly calls himself a “home cook who grew up on barbecue,” but he thinks like a chef, smoking brisket over hickory (because beef can stand up to hickory's intense smoke) and chicken over apple or cherry wood (because its

delicacy requires something lighter and more aromatic). Besides turning out fantastic barbecue and sides, Thousand smokes anything edible, including nuts and cheeses in the cooler months and spices all year-round, which add layers of flavor to rubs and a handful of Cajun specialties such as gumbo and jambalaya. This Missouri boy is wildly inventive — just like old Satchmo. 2320 N. Fourth Street, 928-774-7292, www.satchmosaz.com



Satchmo's Red Beans & Rice

- ½ lb. dry kidney beans
- 2 Tbsp. butter
- 2 Tbsp. olive oil
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 smoked ham hock (approximately 1 lb.)
- 2 Tbsp. minced garlic
- ½ c. celery, chopped
- 3 c. water
- 2 bay leaves
- ½ tsp. dried thyme
- 1 Tbsp. Cajun seasoning
- 1 c. long-grain rice

Rinse beans and soak in a large pot of water overnight. In a skillet, heat oil over medium heat. Cook onion, garlic and celery in butter for three to four minutes. Rinse beans and transfer to a large pot with 3 cups of water and smoked ham hock. Stir cooked vegetables into the beans and season with bay leaves, thyme and Cajun seasoning. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat to medium-low. Simmer for two to three hours (or until the beans are tender). Carefully remove the ham hock from the mixture, allow it to cool, then cut off the meat and return it to the pot. Meanwhile, prepare the rice. In a saucepan, bring water and rice to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Serve beans over steamed white rice.



He may be from Missouri, but Jamie Thousand specializes in New Orleans-themed barbecue dishes at Satchmo's in Flagstaff.



LEFT AND ABOVE: In the Southern Arizona village of Tumacacori, the colorfully decorated Wisdom's Café (named after the family by the same name) attracts customers from near and far who rave about the food, such as the tampiqueña, grilled steak with an enchilada and chile relleno.

Sirens' Café

KINGMAN

Former So-Cal gals who once lived on a boat, mother-daughter team Denise McMillan and Carmella Hynes named their small, intensely blue deli and catering company Sirens' and, for grins, gave it a mermaid theme. But they spend their days at the stove, not at sea, turning out creative sandwiches and quiches, lovely soups and off-the-hook cheesecakes, making everything from scratch (including their insanely popular artichoke spread, mixed with house-made ricotta, Parmesan and fresh dill). The mermaids know 90 percent of their customers by name and often grant requests (with notice) for specific dishes. How's that for a siren song? 419 E. Beale Street, 928-753-4151, www.sirensinkingman.com

Wisdom's Café

TUMACACORI

Decorated with family heirlooms, antiques, photos, paintings, trophies, farm tools and gifts from customers, this funky Mexican-food roadhouse,

Sirens' Café Lemon Soufflé

- 1 c. sugar
- ¼ c. flour
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- 2 Tbsp. melted butter
- 5 Tbsp. lemon juice
- Grated peel of one lemon
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1 ½ c. milk, scalded
- 3 egg whites, beaten stiff

Combine sugar, flour, salt and butter. Add lemon juice and peel. In a separate bowl, combine well-beaten egg yolks and milk. Add sugar and flour mixture to egg yolks and milk. Fold in egg whites and pour into greased custard cups. Place custard cups in a large pan and fill the pan with hot water about halfway up the sides of the custard cups. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes. When baked, each dessert will have custard on the bottom and sponge cake on top.

named for the multigenerational Wisdom family who owns it, brims with character. But ask legions of snowbirds and locals why they visit so often and you'll get a slew of food-related answers: shredded turkey chimis, fantastic tortilla soup, tampiqueña and, of course, the fabled cinnamon- and sugar-dusted fruit burro desserts, ordered before dinner. And just so you know, it's a wise customer, indeed, who drinks only one of Wisdom's deliciously potent margaritas. 1931 E. Frontage Road, 520-398-2397, www.wisdomscafe.com **AH**



For more recipes and to search our database of Arizona restaurants, scan this QR code or visit www.arizonahighways.com/travel/dining.asp.



TRIASSIC PARK

Petrified Forest was set aside as a national monument in 1906 and was made a national park in 1962, but its natural wonder dates back to the Late Triassic period. Today, it protects one of the world's largest and most colorful concentrations of petrified wood, as well as historic structures, archaeological sites, native grasslands, 200 million-year-old fossils and the multihued badlands of the Painted Desert. The park is open to the public, but only a few get access to the backcountry. Our photographer was one of the few.

A PORTFOLIO BY ROBERT JASANY



PRECEDING PANEL: The evening sun highlights the colors of “stone trees,” revealing a geologic hardening process that took millions of years. Prehistoric volcanic eruptions buried forests under ash, creating what would eventually become Petrified Forest National Park.

ABOVE: Bentonite is a product of altered volcanic ash, which expands, contracts and erodes over time, resulting in a surface texture that some liken to elephant skin.

RIGHT: The rainbow colors found in petrified logs of the park’s Crystal Forest area are produced by trace minerals such as iron and manganese oxides.

FOLLOWING PANEL: Early morning light brings out the vivid reds and greens of the park’s natural features, as seen from the Pintado Point Overlook. Among national parks, Petrified Forest is noted for the clarity of its air.





At first glance, the Black Forest area of the park resembles a barren wasteland, but a closer look reveals rare beauty in a region eroded by summer monsoon rains and occasional heavy winter snows.





LEFT: Petrified logs dot the landscape of the park's Blue Mesa area, named for its abundance of blue-gray clay.
 ABOVE: Tan- and brown-colored logs are known as "permineralized petrified wood," a process that differs slightly from that which produces other "petrified" woods.

For more information about Petrified Forest National Park, call 928-524-6228 or visit www.nps.gov/pefo. [AH](#)

Rugged Good Looks

They don't get as much attention as the San Francisco Peaks or the red rocks of Sedona, but the Kofa Mountains are spectacular in their own right, and their craggy nature provides excellent habitat for bighorn sheep, landscape photographers and adventurous writers who are looking for love.

• *An Essay by Craig Childs* •

M

ORE THAN ONCE have I fallen in love in the Kofa Mountains of Western Arizona. I don't mean metaphorically, or just with the place itself. I mean the real thing, where eyes meet, hands touch and chemistry instantly brews. It was not at the Grand Canyon or the sensual swell of sandstone in the northern part of the state, but in this lone mountain range poked up

through the desert. Honestly, you don't need a soft place to sit if you're kissing. But you do have to have the right place.

Back in the wild-seed days of my 20s and 30s, I worked for an outdoor-travel company, which was like a dating game for people accustomed to roughing it for weeks on end. Some couples would hook up in Yosemite among waterfalls, while others eloped to the rainforest coast of the Pacific Northwest, where, I heard, they would light candles for each other on the beach. Very romantic. My spot was in the Kofas, a dramatic jumble of igneous rock where a romantic prologue was using a knife blade to gouge a catclaw barb out of someone's suntanned flesh.

The lower, drier parts of Arizona may not strike you as perfect for any sort of amorous encounter, but there's a sweetness and secrecy to this mountain range. Seen from the highway running north from Yuma, the Kofa Mountains stand like a cloud bank on the horizon.

Though it looks like an impenetrable wall of high points, you get back inside the range and find a complex, hidden interior of hoodoo washes and old mine roads. Canyons and hill-peppered basins stretch away to the east, graced by jackrabbits and stately saguaros. Reaching the highest points, you look out across a landscape of crowded signal peaks: Ten Ewe Mountain, Summit Peak, Polaris Mountain, Twin Spires, Lonesome Peak and the boulder-bottomed wall of Kofa Butte.

I don't necessarily recommend you take your next date to the Kofas. It can heighten senses in a way not everyone wants. There was a woman from Point Reyes, California, a guide as well, who was a lover of sea mist and coastal woods. She joined me in this low desert, and for the first time in her life found a cholla cactus imbedded deep in the back of her thigh. She must have had 10 sewing needle-sized spines sunk into her skin. She stood stock still, yelling at me, "This thing needs to get off of me."

"Use a stick," I said, knowing she was the type who'd rather pull it off herself.

A cholla you do not grab with your hand lest you find yourself pinned to your own body. I handed her a stick. She ripped the ball of needles off her leg and flung the thing at me. I barely got out of the way of the flying pincushion.

That's love, Kofa style.

We'd set small and simple camps, no tents, just our sleeping bags spooned together as meteors seared the sky. In the hilly back end of the range, out toward the spur of the Little Horn Mountains, yips and howls of coyotes would arc through the sky for miles, nothing to break their manic calls.

By day, we'd travel into the surprisingly intricate interior of the Kofas, finding a

PRECEDING PANEL:
Brittlebushes bloom as
ocotillos prepare to shed their
leaves in Western Arizona's
Kofa Mountains.

| GEORGE STOCKING

OPPOSITE PAGE: The only
native palm trees in Arizona
are located in Palm Canyon, a
rugged, narrow section of the
Kofa National Wildlife Refuge.

| JACK DYKINGA





ABOVE: Bighorn sheep are among the animals protected within the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge.
| BRUCE D. TAUBERT

RIGHT: Light dances over a field of chollas, ocotillos, lupines and brittlebushes near the Queen Canyon entrance of the Kofa Mountains. | JACK DYKINGA



boulder scribed with ancient images, lizard-men and concentric circles. If it wasn't a boulder, it was a grotto-like canyon crowded in the back with a grove of rare native palm trees. If not palms, it would be a reflective mirror of rainwater gathered in a bedrock pool where we'd lean down and touch our lips to the surface, drinking its clear water. We called them kissing pools.

Dry lips would touch like sandpaper. Holding hands with sun-weathered, cracked skin felt like gripping a rock in your palm. This is the nature of wilderness romance, especially in the Kofas, legs and forearms scabbed from scrapes and cuts. Hair was unwashed, clothes salted with sweat. You slept on hard ground, scraping away bigger rocks for your shoulder blades and hips, and kissed under sleeping-bag hoods. When you woke, dawn flowed around mountains and cliffs. You heard the churr of the cactus wren, and then the plaintive whistle of the male phainopepla as he flew over green-skinned palo verde trees. The sun broke across summits as bright as harvested wheat. How could you not fall in love?

Sometimes it would be a group of friends and a spark would start between two of us, or it would be an actual date, an offer to come out walking for a few days in a desert wonderland. I'd even come alone sometimes, it was *that* good. I'd drop sup-





LEFT: The rocky landscape of the Kofas is punctuated with teddy-bear chollas and ocotillos. | GEORGE STOCKING

TOP: Cactus wrens are among the hundreds of species that can be found within the 665,000-acre Kofa National Wildlife Refuge. | BRUCE D. TAUBERT

ABOVE: Chuparosas, also known as hummingbird bushes, bloom with edible scarlet flowers. | NICK BEREZENKO

ply caches packed in 5-gallon buckets (empties retrieved at the end of the trip) and wander for weeks with a pack on my back. I remember one night eating one of those jackrabbits — killed it with a slingshot, quartered it and cooked it right on a pile of smoldering palo-verde coals. The meal was fine and smoky, marinated in a sack with its own blood mixed with salt and wild lavender (the meat was a little like chewing on rubber bands).

I didn't subject my company to this kind of eating. God, no. I brought mac and cheese, cooked it up in a blackened pot, even served it with extra chunks of cheddar on top. Once I came with a bottle of red wine. We'd both carry our own supplies. I was no hero. But I carried the wine. I uncorked it with a Swiss Army knife and poured a glug into her metal cup and then one into mine. In this case, she was a sea kayak guide based in the Pacific Northwest, and she liked the wine. Later I shared my bag of trail mix with her as moonlight poured through rock towers, truly an aphrodisiacal combination.

One fine spring day at the head of the Palomas Plain on the backside of the Kofas, two of us found a chuparosa bush radiant with hundreds of small, scarlet blossoms. Each was slender and soft as silk. We plucked them like berries, eating one after the next. Known also as hummingbird bush, the flowers tasted like little dabs of honey. We ate way too many. Like kids sitting in a pile of apples they'd been eating, we turned a bit green, laughing at our own lunacy.

So who, really, was I falling in love with, those who came traveling out here with me, or the Kofas themselves? Taking off my boots and walking carefully barefoot down a dry wash among ragweed and bony plumes of creosote, I knew the answer. I would have spent my life with this mountain range, its sharply outlined entrances to rocky, shaded alcoves irresistible. The rare, red fruits of night cactuses were like finding valentines. Soaring western palisades turned molten with every sunset. I'd found my perfect partner.

I finally asked the Point Reyes woman if she'd marry me. She said no about seven times, and then yes. When we began planning the wedding, she envisioned eucalyptus trees hanging over a ceremony on freshly cut grass. I was thinking a rocky wedding with barren peaks and cactuses, maybe a backdrop of desert palms in a gnarled and catclawed canyon. Needless to say, we called the whole thing off, vowing to remain the best of friends, and I returned to my true love, the desert where she had first kissed me. **AH**

● The Kofa National Wildlife Refuge is located south of Quartzsite, off of State Route 95. For more information, call 928-783-7861.



HE IS THE EGG MAN

Being compared to The Beatles — or even a line from a Beatles song — is quite a parallel, but Dave Jordan, a.k.a. “Dave the Egg Man,” is as big in his world as John, Paul, George and Ringo were in theirs. Among the many artisans in the Buy Local Movement, Dave is a rock star. Just ask the best chefs in Arizona, or the farmers’ market regulars who happily shell out five bucks for a dozen of Dave’s antibiotic- and hormone-free eggs. Goo goo g’joob.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL

Dave Jordan, better known as “Dave the Egg Man,” started raising chickens as a hobby, not a source of income. But even in his best T-shirt and cleanest billed cap, this former car technician has surely never been mistaken for a gentleman farmer. Nor is his rustic 5-acre spread in New River, named Two Wash Ranch for the two desert washes that intersect it, likely to be characterized as idyllic. It’s a humble homestead, more peri-urban farm than sprawling ranch, a seemingly haphazard arrangement of coops and pens, vegetable beds and container-grown herbs that bears little resemblance to the genteel

re-creations of rural life that are favored by hobbyists.

Although Jordan readily admits there’s nothing romantic about shoveling chicken poop, hoeing weeds or leaving a warm bed to feed and water animals at the crack of dawn, he’s also the first guy to cast a rosy glow on this vanishing way of life. “I like being in touch with the earth and getting back to a simpler lifestyle,” he says, “and I’d rather go out being happy than being rich.” Good thing, too. Chicken feed, which runs him \$1,000 per month, is hardly chicken feed, and after digging a new \$17,000 well earlier this year (the first one went dry), he’s not exactly flush.

In fact, he’s at that pivotal Catch-22 moment where he must grow to make a sustainable income, and he must make a

sustainable income to grow. Twelve years ago, he couldn’t have imagined the series of small serendipitous events that would lead him away from cars, which rule the road, toward chickens, which famously cross it.

Jordan, who says his burgeoning operation “started off as me and a couple of birds,” bought the former horse property in 1999 and immediately got himself some young chicks (the feathered kind). Six months later, his hens were laying, and when Jordan found he had an abundance of eggs, a friend suggested he sell them at the Cave Creek farmers’ market. He showed up the first time with a card table and a few cartons of eggs, and in the months to come garnered a loyal following of health-conscious customers who

“Dave the Egg Man” Jordan toils with intense dedication and a sense of accomplishment to produce the fresh eggs, herbs and vegetables prized by some of the Phoenix area’s finest restaurants.





Jordan's multicolored eggs are produced by an eclectic flock of fowl, including geese. He treasures his return to a simpler way of life, and he credits his grandmother for instilling a passion for gardening.

christened him “Dave the Egg Man” and happily shelled out five bucks for his fresh, hormone- and antibiotic-free cackleberries. They’re that good.

Although Jordan kept his day job, he slowly began expanding his operation, converting the old horse corral into pens for his growing bird population, which soon included ducks, then geese, then guinea fowl (which produce the pretty teardrop-shaped eggs prized by fine-dining chefs) and finally peafowl, which Jordan swears “lay the best eggs under the sun,” saying they boast massive yolks and fluffy whites.

Like the Beverly Hillbillies, his geese have their own cement pond, where they gather at nightfall to stay safe from predators such as bobcats, coyotes and free-roaming dogs. Of course, none of Jordan’s birds, not even the chickens completely

enclosed by chain-link fence and corrugated tin roof, are ever completely safe. Tenacious dogs (which go after chickens for sport, not food) and wily coyotes can dig under a pen and wreak havoc — or even wipe out an entire flock — in one go.

But natural predators are just one of many perils in the egg biz. His hens won’t lay in the dog days of summer, and every year, some of them succumb to the Valley’s extreme heat. Meanwhile, the survivors must still be fed a pricey mix of alfalfa, soy meal, flax and cast-off garden vegetables (the insect part of their diet depends on their own resourcefulness).

Most noncommercial birds have just two laying cycles, and while Jordan may get 250 eggs per year from each chicken, he can’t expect more than 35 to 60 eggs per year from, say, a goose. Additionally, birds don’t lay when they molt (shed

their feathers); nevertheless, he refuses to put his chickens through forced molting, a commercial-egg-industry practice whereby chickens are starved to artificially induce molting, which, ironically, leads to increased egg production. Nor will he buy chickens that have had the tips of their beaks seared off to prevent pecking. It’s not the natural way of things, and if his birds have a few bald spots as pecking order is established, so be it.

Although small, white Leghorns are a popular chicken breed because they lay more and eat less. Jordan keeps an eclectic flock because different breeds are “cool and interesting,” and he likes the different shell colors they produce. “It’s not all about the money,” he says, proving once again that he cares more about ethics and aesthetics than profits.

Kevin Binkley of Binkley’s Restaurant in

Cave Creek claims Jordan is a fanatic (in a good way), adding, “Dave is about making a living after he makes a great product. It sounds backward, but that’s our approach at the restaurant, too.”

The two met shortly after Binkley’s opened in 2004, when Jordan wandered in to ask if Binkley would be interested in goose eggs. It was one of those meant-to-be moments, given that Binkley had been looking for a good local egg source to no avail. The like-minded men struck up a business relationship and a fast friendship, and as so often happens in the close-knit restaurant community, Binkley started spreading the good word about Dave the Egg Man.

Soon, other chefs and restaurants em-

bracing the farm-to-table and buy-local philosophy were knocking at Jordan’s door. He began selling eggs to Nobuo Fukuda (then at Sea Saw, now at Nobuo at Teeter House) and later to Greg LaPrad at Quiescence in South Phoenix.

When Jordan took up permanent Saturday residence at the Phoenix Public Market in 2005 and began selling out of eggs 30 minutes into the morning, he decided to grow herbs, just to have something else to offer. Once again, he found ready customers, both at the market and among his chef clients, who now gobble up the 50 to 60 varieties he grows throughout the year, including orange mint, lime mint, chocolate mint, Mexican tarragon, Mexican oregano, lime basil, lemon basil and Del-fino cilantro. He plants most of his herbs in stock tanks and old bathtubs, a quick, economical method he encourages home gardeners to try. “Throw in some potting soil and away you go,” he says, hoping others will be inclined to try their hand at high-density urban farming — even if it’s only a bit of thyme or basil.

The logical next step for Jordan, who ended his 27-year career as an auto technician in 2010, was growing veggies for the public and not just his household garden. And so he began the backbreaking work of creating garden plots, removing rocks

with occasional help from his teenage daughter, can muster), growing multiple varieties of summer and winter squash, okra, cucumbers, beets, turnips, rapini, kale, chard, red and green sorrel (an herb treated as a leafy vegetable), and broccoli. His produce is not certified organic, but it’s grown using organic farming methods.

In Jordan’s spare time, maybe a few minutes snatched before coma-like sleep, he pores over seed catalogs to find rare and exotic herbs and vegetables other local farmers aren’t growing. Last year, he tried his hand at glacier lettuce, a crunchy succulent grown in the Northwest that did amazingly well on Jordan’s little patch of desert. He also grows green and purple asparagus for his buddy Binkley, who swears Jordan’s delicate spears are the best in town.

Jordan, who inherited his passion for gardening while helping his grandmother as a boy, says his biggest thrill is hearing people say, “Oh my gosh! Is this what [fill in the blank] is supposed to taste like?” He’s an evangelist, making back-to-the-farm believers, one broccoli floret at a time.

Because he’s taken on more restaurant clients — FnB, Rancho Pinot, St. Francis and The Breadfruit, for example — who buy his eggs, herbs and produce, Jordan manages to eke by, but most everything

he earns is plowed right back into the business. It pains him to admit that he recently turned away meticulous forager Chris Bianco of Pizzeria Bianco simply because he couldn’t handle the volume that restaurant would require of him without more help.

It’s not clear if Jordan is a religious man, but he does admit to feeling guided toward this work, which, when all is said and done, doesn’t even pay minimum wage. There’s no denying that many things have miraculously fallen into

place, and this hard-working guy certainly has the quiet fortitude, the fervor — and yes, maybe even the asceticism — of a monk. What is obvious is that his busy life makes him happy, so it’s probably safer to simply say, “If Dave the Egg Man brought it, it’s bound to be heavenly.”

ah



Twelve years ago, he couldn’t have imagined the series of small serendipitous events that would lead him away from cars, which rule the road, toward chickens, which famously cross it.

by hand (eventually, he bought a tractor) and enriching rock-hard caliche with compost. God knows he had plenty of chicken manure. Thanks to a friend’s obliging horse, he was able to create the loamy, nutrient-rich soil he needed to do the job right. And now he’s at it with a vengeance (or as much vengeance as a one man band,

Forest Road 708

Although the views along this rocky road are impressive, the best part is Fossil Creek, one of only two Wild and Scenic Rivers in Arizona. **BY ROGER NAYLOR | PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN SANKEY**

Ever watch an old movie where explorers stumble upon a lost world? They're trekking through brutal terrain and suddenly discover an exotic, hidden oasis that teems with wildlife, usually prehistoric creatures long thought extinct.

That plotline pretty much sums up the drive to Fossil Creek — without the prehistoric fantasy. Although, sitting creekside beneath a rainforest-like canopy of shade, gazing at water that's

the color of a leprechaun's eyes, a lumbering dinosaur wouldn't really seem out of place.

The road to Fossil Creek, Forest Road 708, begins in scrubby grasslands east of Camp Verde amid a cluster of sun-bitten hills. The rocky, unpaved route can be managed in a sedan, but you'll be much more comfortable in a pickup truck or an SUV. Dropping quickly into the backcountry, the road clings to the high shoulder of angular cliffs before

swooping to the canyon bottom.

You'll reach the verdant slash of Fossil Creek at 13.8 miles. More than 30 million gallons of water gush from underground springs each day. For most of the past century — since 1908 — that furious flow was harnessed to feed Ari-

BELOW: Fossil Creek runs free now, no longer harnessed to a hydroelectric plant as it was from 1908 to 2005. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** As you drive through the area, elk are among the native wildlife you may encounter.

zona's first hydroelectric plants.

Then, in 2005, a crazy thing happened: The power plants were shuttered, the dam was decommissioned and the flumes were dismantled. All exotic fish were removed, the pools were restocked with native species and the stream was allowed to run free.

Today, a lush corridor slices through the heart of unrepentant desert. The spring water, rich in calcium carbonate, creates a layer cake of travertine. The fossil-like rock growth forms terraces, leading to a series of waterfalls, cata-racts and deep pools of liquid turquoise. Ethereal and magical, restored and rowdy, Fossil Creek was designated a Wild and Scenic River by Congress in

2009, one of only two such waterways in Arizona. It's often considered the most diverse riparian habitat in the state.

Immediately upon reaching the stream, Forest Road 502 branches off from FR 708, leading to a campground on the banks of the Verde River. Hot springs can be found about a mile west of the campground, but consider yourself warned: Despite the "No Nudity" warning signs, not everyone keeps their drawers on.

Back on FR 708, the road continues upstream and crosses Fossil Creek Bridge. The gentle upward tilt of the road soon sharpens dramatically as it climbs out of the canyon to the hamlet of Strawberry, perched atop the Mogollon Rim. Expect a steep, narrow ascent with sheer drop-offs. It might be gut-wrenching for those with a fear of heights, but if lost worlds were easy to reach, they wouldn't have gotten lost in the first place.

ADDITIONAL READING: For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.arizona-highways.com/books.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 26 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Camp Verde, drive north on Interstate 17 to State Route 260 and turn right. Drive east on SR 260 for 10 miles (just past Milepost 228) to Forest Road 708 and turn right.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: FR 708 is steep, winding and narrow, but it's generally accessible to all vehicles. Do

not attempt the road in wet conditions. A high-clearance vehicle is required for Forest Road 502.

INFORMATION: Red Rock Ranger District, 928-282-4119 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino; Payson Ranger District, 928-474-7900 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. **AH**

Bass Canyon-Hot Springs Loop

Arizona has many hidden gems, and this riparian trail, which is home to cottonwoods and coatimundis, is one of the most treasured. **BY ROBERT STIEVE**

In the movie *Tombstone* — the 1993 version starring Val Kilmer — Charlton Heston plays Henry Hooker, a wealthy rancher who gives refuge to Doc Holiday while Wyatt Earp rides off for an epic showdown with Johnny Ringo. In real life, Henry Hooker was a wealthy rancher who bought a chunk of land originally homesteaded by Glendy

King. King was a pioneer, and also an entrepreneur of sorts. His most notorious vision was to open a spa on his land in the early 1880s, which he did. As unlikely as a spa in the middle of nowhere in the days of Geronimo might sound, the property included a natural hot spring, which was enough to draw people in. However, as in all good

Westerns, King was eventually gunned down, and his homestead fell into the hands of Henry Hooker. Years later, it was obtained by The Nature Conservancy.

Today, Hookers Hot Springs are still enjoyed by guests who make their way to the Conservancy's Muleshoe Ranch, and the surrounding area is great for day hikers. In addition to an incredible amount of wildlife — deer, squirrels, coatimundis, javelinas, foxes, coyotes, six species of hummingbirds, seven species of owls, and 14 species of hawks and eagles — the preserve protects seven permanently flowing streams, and the combined 12 miles of running water provides some of the best remaining aquatic habitat in the Southwest. The easiest way to experience this lush habitat is along the Bass Canyon-Hot Springs Loop.

The trail begins at The Nature Conservancy visitors center. From there, walk up the driveway to the gate you passed on your way in, turn left, and continue for 300 yards to Jackson Cabin Road. This is a four-wheel-drive dirt road, so you might encounter a vehicle or two, but it's highly unlikely. The loop trail follows this road for about a mile, and after 15 minutes you'll get some terrific 360-degree views of the surrounding mountains. The best views, perhaps, are behind you, looking back toward the ranch. Just beyond this viewpoint, you'll top a ridge and get even better views into Bass Canyon. At the bottom of the hill, a wooden sign marks the day-use area and the trailhead.

Before you begin your trek into the canyon, keep in mind that there isn't an actual trail. Because of the floods that race down Bass Creek, it's impossible to maintain a path. That's the nature of Mother Nature. That said, The Nature Conservancy does a terrific job of marking the route with blue ribbons, which

Columbines line one of the seven permanently flowing streams protected by The Nature Conservancy's Muleshoe Ranch. | JACK DYKINGA



seems appropriate. This is, without a doubt, one of Arizona's blue-ribbon trails.

As you make your way along the stream, the thing that'll strike you most is the enormity of the canyon's cottonwood trees. Ditto for the Arizona sycamores. They're all spectacular.

After about a mile of bushwhacking through the gorgeous preserve, you'll come to Pipeline Road, just beyond which is the intersection of Bass Canyon and Hot Springs Canyon. You can't miss the junction. It's wide open and especially sandy. Although Hot Springs Wash is usually dry at this junction, you'll start seeing water again as you get closer to the ranch headquarters. To get there, simply hang a left and follow the wash to complete the loop. Like Bass Canyon, Hot Springs Canyon doesn't have an established trail, but as long as you hug the wash, you can chart your own course. As usual, be aware of weather conditions and the possibility of flash floods.

The hike up Hot Springs Wash will take about an hour, and along the way

you'll intersect the Muleshoe Preserve Nature Trail and the Vista Trail, a route for horses. You can detour onto either one, or continue up the wash. Either way, you'll get where you're going, and if you're lucky enough to have room reservations at the ranch, Henry Hooker's hot springs will be waiting. It makes a perfect ending to a blue-ribbon hike.

ADDITIONAL READING:

For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each weekend of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.arizona-highways.com/books.



trail guide

LENGTH: 3.5 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Easy

ELEVATION: 4,087 to 4,200 feet

DIRECTIONS: From Tucson, take Interstate 10 east for 80 miles to Willcox. Exit in Willcox onto Rex Allen Drive. At the first traffic light bear right onto North Bisbee Avenue, and then turn right onto Airport Road. Follow Airport Road for 15 miles to its junction with Muleshoe Ranch Road (look for a row of mailboxes), turn right and continue 14 miles to the ranch headquarters.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: High-clearance and four-wheel-drive required after heavy rains

DOGS ALLOWED: No

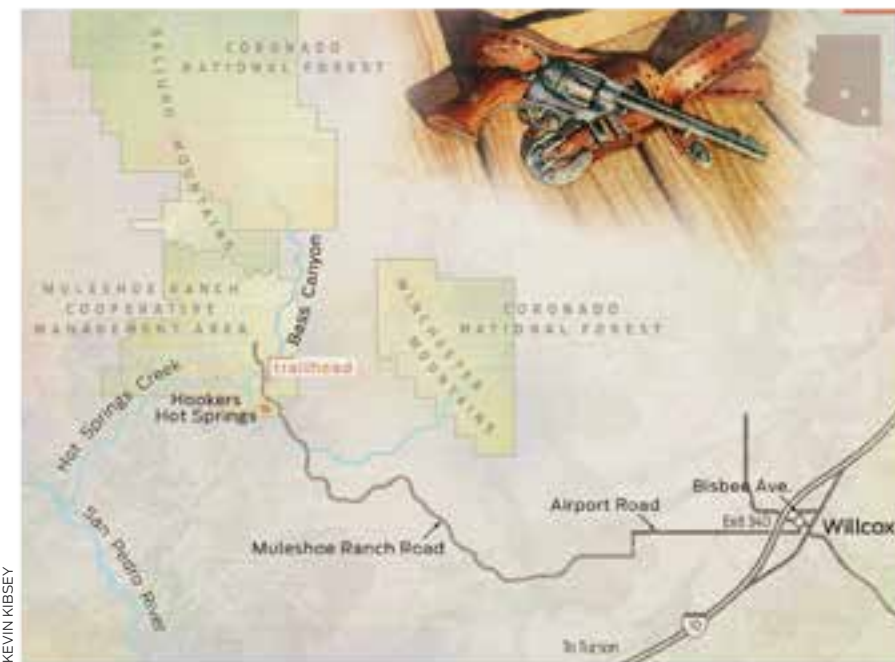
HORSES ALLOWED: No

USGS MAPS: Soza Mesa, Hookers Hot Springs

INFORMATION: The Nature Conservancy, 520-212-4295 or www.nature.org/arizona

LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:

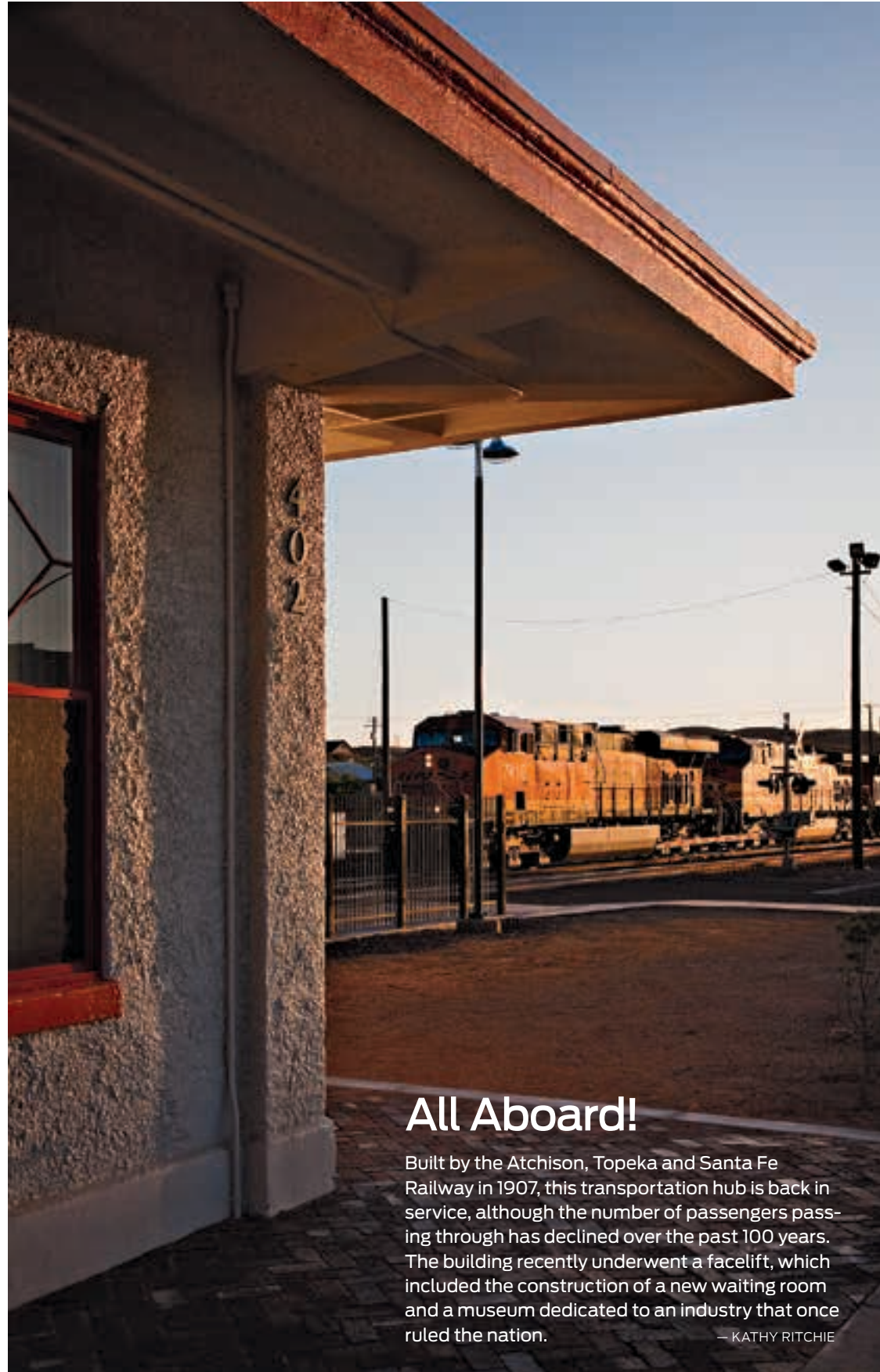
- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others. **AH**



KEVIN KIBSEY

Bass Canyon is located in the Galiuro Mountains of Southeastern Arizona. | TOM VEZO

where is this?



All Aboard!

Built by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway in 1907, this transportation hub is back in service, although the number of passengers passing through has declined over the past 100 years. The building recently underwent a facelift, which included the construction of a new waiting room and a museum dedicated to an industry that once ruled the nation.

— KATHY RITCHIE

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured to the left and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by April 15, 2012. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our June issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning May 15.

RICHARD MAACK

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